

that that is not what happened, however, that is the way World War I was billed at that time.

Later, Armistice Day was changed to Veterans Day to better represent all the conflicts that this country has ever participated in. I think it is good that we have a day where we can reflect on, and commemorate those who took part in those wars.

However, sometimes on that day, we are reminded that appreciation for the military, and for their sacrifices, does not get its proper attention. I am reminded of the old Kipling poem where he talks about how the lack of appreciation for our military occurs, or seems to occur, in those time periods when they are most needed.

Kipling was British, and in Britain, GI's were called tommies. In his famous poem Kipling wrote:

It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Savior of 'is country"
when the guns begin to shoot.

We tend to forget about the sacrifices our military personnel when peace breaks out. History shows us that over the last 100 years or so, we have had approximately 17-year cycles of war and peace. It is amazing, almost uncanny, how our military buildups and downgrades fit into that 17-year cycle. In fact, the only conflict that occurred outside of that pattern was World War II, which was only about 4 years off the 17-year cycle. I can only hope that our current period of peace will break that 17-year cycle.

On Veterans Day, we recognize those who have gone through these cycles before us. It is a time to point out some of the sacrifices they made, the devotion to duty that they were required to perform, and the courage that they exhibited. It is a time to say, "The professionalism of our military saved lives."

Veterans themselves, do not need a special day, because they remember their own experiences in the military. They do not need a special day because those times are forever etched in their memories. They remember the people that they were associated with, their friends, people of all walks of life. They remember the rich, the poor, the advantaged, the disadvantaged; all tossed together, rubbing elbows, in what is the finest military in the world. They remember the places where they were stationed, their training, and they certainly remember their days in combat, which is forever etched on their memory, like nothing else out of their past.

Some survived and some did not. Veterans Day is a time to go back and remember those people. It is time, not just for veterans, but for all Americans, to remember that this country was built on the sacrifices of the brave men and women who served in the military, and protected our country. It is a day to remember and appreciate what made this country, the greatest nation in the world.

Mr. President, another important day occurred early this week and I would like to make a few remarks about it also.

THE MARINE CORPS' 222D BIRTHDAY

Mr. GLENN. Mr. President, Monday, November 10, was the 222d birthday of the U.S. Marine Corps. That day is celebrated by marines, and former marines, wherever they are, wherever they may go.

Last year, on the Marine Corps birthday, I was on a plane with our minority leader and several other Senators, on a trip to the Far East. We were on our way to visit Ho Chi Minh City, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. We had just left Japan, and I was sitting there with my wife, Annie, when I remembered that it was the Marine Corps birthday. Because it is a ritual for marines to celebrate their birthday, no matter where they are, I told Annie that I was going back to the galley to get something to be our Marine Corps birthday cake. I know this may sound silly to some people, but to marines, it does not sound silly at all.

So, right as I was getting ready to head back to the galley, other people on the flight started gathering around where we were sitting. It turned out that they also had remembered how important this day was to me, and my fellow marines. Not only did they know what the 10th of November was, they had brought a cake along with them. It was a beautiful cake and was decorated with the Marine Corps emblem. So probably like a lot of other isolated marines in the world, we had our own party. It was a very memorable celebration.

This year I had the chance to participate in the Marine Corps birthday ball here in Washington, at the Marine Barracks. Once again, we had a wonderful celebration.

The corps remains proud of the role it has played in the history of our country—as the 911 force, the emergency force that is always available when requirements dictate that the most best is needed now.

The Marine Corps remains unique to the other services, in the respect that it has all elements of supporting arms in one unit. It has supplies for 60 days of combat. It has infantry, air, armor, and artillery. It has all the elements wrapped up in one unit, necessary to go in and be a very tough, hard-hitting organization for a short period of time.

This was vividly illustrated in the Persian Gulf during Desert Storm. The Marine Corps came in with two divisions, completely equipped, and set up a blocking position, to give our other forces time to build up—a build up that over a several-month period came to number over 520,000 Americans.

This was typical of the role that the U.S. Marine Corps has played as the ready force. And there isn't a Marine unit in existence that does not have some of its expeditionary gear, some of its combat equipment boxed and ready to go now and move within hours. If the Marine Corps ever loses that kind of readiness, I believe it will have lost its reason for being.

So in their 222d year of existence, the marines continue to celebrate the tra-

ditions of the Marine Corps. They honor and remember the sacrifices of marines who fought in places like Belleau Wood, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Bougainville, Iwo Jima, Pork Chop Hill and the Chosen Reservoir, and Khe Sanh.

One thing that has remained the same though out the Marines history, and something that I am proud of, is in the way in that the Marine Corps recruits people. The Marine Corps recruits people to serve. They do not recruit on a promise of "Here's what is good for you, or here's what you'll get out of it yourself", they recruit by asking the question, "Are you good enough to serve your country?" And it is here, and later where they are trained, that the attitudes required to prepare them for battle, are instilled. It calls for each person to devote themselves to a purpose bigger than themselves, a purpose to each other, a purpose to the unit, a purpose to the corps, and a purpose to this country of ours.

This was well spelled out in a Parade magazine article last Sunday, November 9. This article said so much about the training that is going on in the Marine Corps today, training that continues to be updated from one war to the next.

This article was not written by some Marine Corps public relations person, it was written by Thomas E. Ricks, a writer for the Wall Street Journal. Mr Ricks starts out in the first part of this article by saying, "What is it about the Marine Corps that makes it so successful in transforming teenage boys and girls into responsible, confident men and women? He goes on to show how ordinary "Beavis and Butt-heads" can be molded into effective leaders. And he says of himself, "I majored in English literature at Yale, and, like everybody with whom I grew up and went to school with, I have no military experience. Yet I learned things at Parris Island that fascinated me."

He talks about "Lessons From Parris Island" that are instilled into these young people coming into the Marine Corps which are—first, "Tell the truth;" second, "Do your best, no matter how trivial the task;" third, "Choose the difficult right over the easy wrong;" fourth, "Look out for the group before you look out for yourself;" fifth, "Don't whine or make excuses;" and, sixth, "Judge others by their actions and not their race."

By my way of thinking, those are some pretty good objectives for anybody in our society to follow. And they are the building blocks that are instilled in all U.S. Marines as they go through boot camp.

Mr. President, I will not read this whole article this morning. I ask unanimous consent that this article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

A FEW GOOD TRUTHS
(By Thomas E. Ricks)

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM THEM

On a hot night in 1992, on my first deployment as a Pentagon reporter, I went on patrol in Mogadishu, Somalia, with a squad of Marines led by a 22-year-old corporal. Red and green tracer bullets cut arcs across the dark sky. It was a confusing and difficult time. Yet the corporal led the patrol with a confidence that was contagious.

Ever since that night, I had wanted to see how the Marine Corps turns teenage Americans into self-confident leaders. At a time when the nation seems distrustful of its teenage males—when young black men especially, and wrongly, are figures of fear for many—the military is different. It isn't just that it has done a better job than the larger society in dealing with drug abuse and racial tension—even though that is true. It also seems to be doing a better job of teaching teenagers the right away to live than does, say, the average American high school. And it thrives while drawing most of its personnel from the bottom half of our society, the half that isn't surfing the information super-highway.

I wanted to see how the Marines could turn an undereducated, cynical teenager into that young soldier, who, on his second night in Africa, could lead a file of men through the dark and dangerous city. How could a kid we would not trust to run the copier by himself back in my office in Washington become the squad leader addressing questions that could alter national policy: Do I shoot at this threatening mob in a Third World city? Do I fire when a local police officer points his weapon in my direction? If I am performing a limited peacekeeping mission, do I stop a rape when it occurs 50 yards in front of my position?

To find out how the Marines give young Americans the values and self-confidence to make those decisions, I decided to go to Marine boot camp. I went not as a recruit but as an observer. I come from the post-draft generation. I majored in English literature at Yale, and, like everybody with whom I grew up and went to school, I have no military experience. Yet I learned things at Parris Island that fascinated me—and should interest anyone who cares about where our youth are going. In a society that seems to have trouble transmitting healthy values, the Marines stand out as a successful institution that unabashedly teaches those values to the Beavises and Butt-heads of America.

I met Platoon 3086 on a foggy late winter night in 1995 when its bus arrived on Parris Island, S.C. I followed the recruits intermittently for their 11 weeks on the island, then during their first two years in the Marine Corps.

The recruits arrived steeped in the popular American culture of consumerism and individualism. To a surprising degree, before joining the Corps, they had been living part-time lives—working part-time, going to community college part-time (and getting lousy grades) and staying dazed on drugs and alcohol part-time. When they arrived on Parris Island, all that was taken away from them. They were stripped of the usual distractions, from television and music to cars and candy. They even lost the right to refer to themselves as "I" or "me." When one confused recruit did so during the first week of boot camp, Sgt. Darren Carey, the platoon's "heavy hat" disciplinarian, stomped his foot on the cement floor and shouted, "You got on the wrong bus, cause there ain't no I, me, my's or I's here!"

On Parris Island, for every waking moment during the next 11 weeks, they were im-

mersed in a new, very different world. For the first time in their lives, many encountered absolute standards: Tell the truth. Don't give up. Don't whine. Look out for the group before you look out for yourself. Always do your best—even if you are just mopping the floor, you owe it to yourself and your comrades to strive to be the best mopper at this moment in the Corps. Judge others by their actions, not their words or their race.

The drill instructors weren't interested in excuses. Every day, they transmitted the lesson taught centuries ago by the ancient Greek philosophers: Don't pursue happiness; pursue excellence. Make a habit of that, and you can have a fulfilling life.

These aren't complex ideas, but to persuade a cynical teenager to follow them, they must be painstakingly pursued every day—lived as well as preached. I have seen few people work as hard as did Platoon 3086's drill instructors in the first few weeks they led the platoon. Sergeant Carey, an intense young reconnaissance specialist from Long Island, routinely put in 17 hours a day, six and half days a week. His ability to drive himself at full speed all day long awed and inspired his charges. Recruit Paul Bourassa said of his drill instructor: "When you're gone 16 hours, and you're wiped out, and you see him motoring, you say to yourself, 'I've got to tap into whatever he has.'"

Sergeant Carey clearly wasn't doing it for the money. He was paid \$1775 a month—a figure that worked out to about the minimum wage. Of course, the wages were nearly irrelevant. The recruits learned that money isn't the measure of a man, that a person's real wealth is in his character. One of the funniest moments I saw in boot camp came when Sergeant Carey was lecturing the platoon on the importance of knowledge.

"Knowledge is what?" he bellowed.

"Power, sir," responded the platoon.

"Power is what?" he then asked.

That puzzled the platoon. Faces scrunched up in thought. Eventually one recruit hazarded a guess: "Money?"

Sergeant Carey was dumbfounded to find such a civilian attitude persisting in his platoon. "No!" he shouted. "Power is VICTORY!" (Then, in a whispered aside, he added, "I swear, I'm dealing with aliens.")

The drill instructors didn't try to make their recruits happy. They tried to push the members of the platoon harder than they'd ever been pushed, to make them go beyond their own self-imposed limits. Nearly all the members of the platoon cried at one time or another. Yet by the end of 11 weeks almost all had been transformed by the experience—and were more fulfilled than they had ever been. They had subordinated their needs to those of the group, yet almost all emerged with a stronger sense of self. They unembarrassedly used words like "integrity."

I learned more than I expected. One of my favorite moments came when Sergeant Carey ordered a white supremacist from Alabama to share a tent in the woods with a black gang member from Washington, D.C. The drill instructor's message to the recruits was clear: If you two are going to be in the Marine Corps, you are going to have to learn to live with each other. Recruits Jonathan Prish and Earnest Winston Jr. became friends during that bivouac. "We stuck up for each other after that," Prish said.

The recruits generally seemed to find race relations less of an issue at boot camp than in the neighborhoods they'd left behind. If America were more like the Marines, argued Luis Polanco-Medina, a recruit from New Jersey, "there would be less crime, less racial tension among people, because Marine Corps discipline is also about brotherhood."

Two other things surprised me. I didn't hear a lot of profanity. Once notoriously foul-mouthed, today's drill instructors generally are forbidden to use obscenities. Also, I saw very little brutality. "I expected it to be tougher," said recruit Edward Linsky, in a typical comment as he sat on his footlocker.

Platoon 3086 graduated into the Marine Corps in May 1995 and became part of a family that includes 174,000 active-duty members and 2.1 million veterans (there really is no such thing as an "ex-Marine"). Over the last two years, members of the platoon have experienced some disappointments. But as Paul Bourassa concluded a year after graduating from boot camp, "It pretty much is a band of brothers."

What I think the Marine Corps represents is counterculture, but the Marines are rebels with a cause. With their emphasis on honor, courage and commitment, they offer a powerful alternative to the loneliness and distrust that seem so widespread, especially among our youth.

Any American—young or old, pro- or anti-military—can learn something from today's Corps. That goes for the corporation as well as the individual. Just listen to Maj. Stephen Davis describe his approach to leadership: "Concentrate on doing a single task as simply as you can, execute it flawlessly, take care of your people and go home." Those steps offer an efficient way to run any organization.

I took away a lot from boot camp myself. I don't talk to my own kids like a drill instructor (and neither do thoughtful drill instructors). But I was struck by the importance of the example the DIs provided: Kids want values, but they are rightly suspicious of talk without action. So while you need to talk to kids about values, your words will be meaningless unless you live them as well. Also, of all the things that can motivate people, the pursuit of excellence is one of the most effective—and one of the least used in our society.

None of this is a revelation. Lots of families live by these standards. But few of our public institutions seem to. "You'd see the drill instructors teach kids who barely made it through high school that they weren't stupid that they could do things if they had the right can-do attitude," summarized Charles Lees of Platoon 3086. "It was all the things you should learn growing up but, for some reason, society de-emphasizes."

The white supremacist and the black gang member who were thrown together in boot camp both went on to happy careers in the Corps. Earnest Winston Jr., the D.C. gangbanger, became a specialist in the recovery of aircraft making emergency landings and was posted to Japan. "It's beautiful," he told me. "Not a lot of people on my block get to go places like these." His friend Jonathan Prish, the Alabaman, became a guard near the American Embassy in London. Prish had his racist tattoos covered. "I've left all that behind," he said. "You go out and see the world, and you see there are cool people in all colors."

LESSONS FROM PARRIS ISLAND

Tell the truth.

Do your best, no matter how trivial the task.

Choose the difficult right over the easy wrong.

Look out for the group before you look out for yourself.

Don't whine or make excuses.

Judge others by their actions not their race.